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Senior Recital: Katherine Cacciola, soprano

Katherine Cacciola

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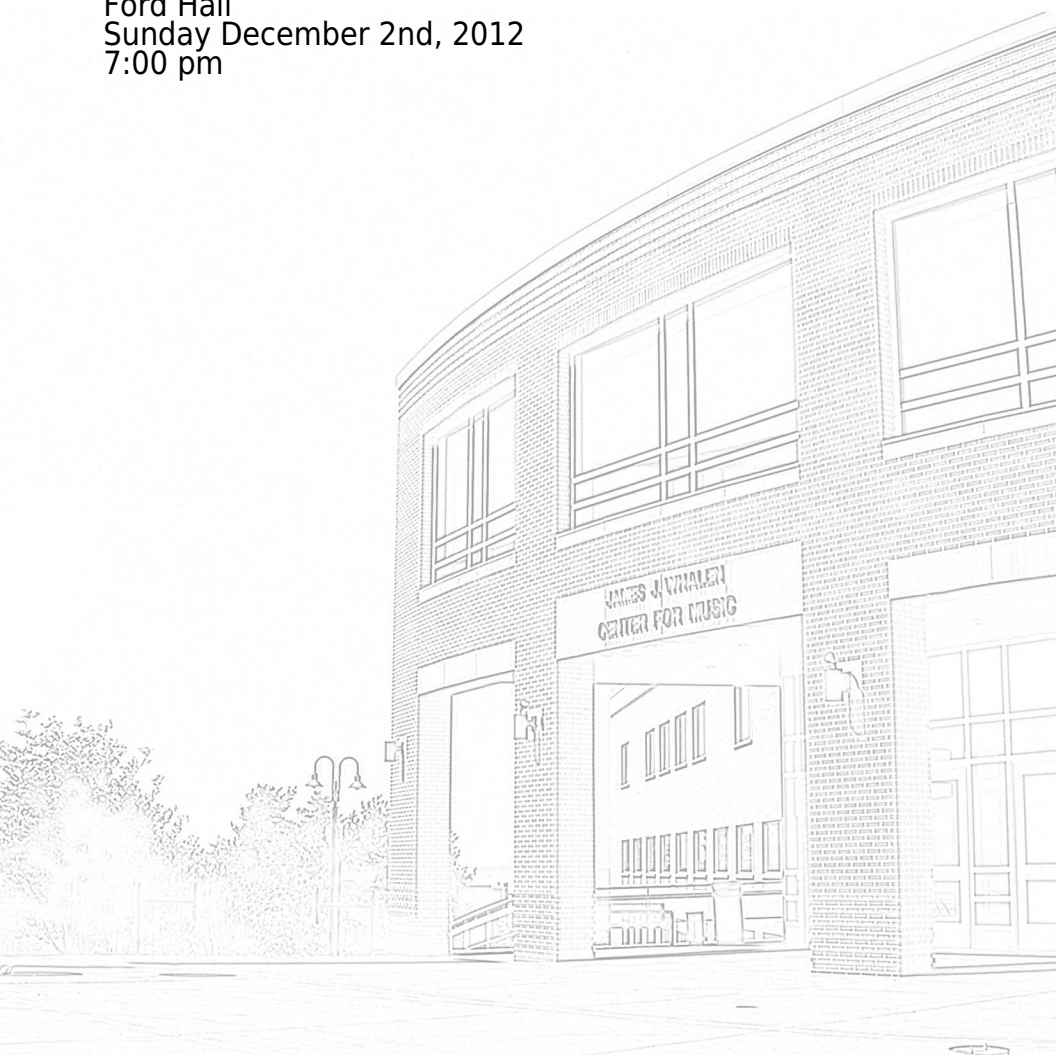
Senior Recital:

Katherine Cacciola, soprano

Michael Lewis, piano

Aaron Scoccia, piccolo trumpet

Ford Hall
Sunday December 2nd, 2012
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Let The Bright Seraphim

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Nachtgebet
Nocturne
Es zürnt das Meer

Joseph Marx
(1882-1964)

Chansons de Ronsard
1. *À une Fontaine*
2. *À Cupidon*
3. *Taes-toi, babillarde*
4. *Dieu vous gard'*

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

Intermission

Songs & Sonnets to Ophelia
1. *Ophelia's Song*
2. *Women have loved before*
3. *Not in a Silver Casket*
4. *Spring*

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Glitter and Be Gay

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Translations

Let the Bright Seraphim

Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow:

Let the Cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

Nachtgebet

O sähst du mich jetzt beten
zu deinen heilig tiefen Augen,
die fragend zu mir flehen
wie nach Liebe;
du schlössest deine tiefen Augen,
daß ich nicht drein vergehe,
wie in Liebe.
O sähst du wie ich bete
zu deiner kinderfrohen Seele,
es schwiege deine Kinderseele,
daß sie nicht untergehe in meiner
Liebe.

Night Prayer

Oh, if you could see me praying
now
to your your blessed, deep eyes,
who beseechingly question me as if
for love;
you would close your deep eyes,
so that I would not drown
within them.
Oh, if you could see me pray
to your innocent soul,
your innocent soul would remain
silent
so that it would not drown in my
love.

Nocturne

Süß duftende Lindenblüte
in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüte
ist mir in Sinnen
erwacht.

Als klänge vor meinen Ohren
leise das Lied vom Glück,
als töne, die lange verloren,
die Jugend leise zurück.

Süß duftende Lindeblüte
in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüte
ist mir zu Schmerzen erwacht.

Nocturne

Sweetly fragrant linden blossoms
in the flowing June night.
A feeling of delight in my heart
is awakened in my
consciousness.

As if I heard ringing in my ears
the soft song of happiness;
echoing softly
the long lost song of youth.

Sweetly fragrant linden blossoms
in the flowing June night.
A feeling of delight in my heart
turns to pain within me.

Es zürnt das Meer

Es zürnt das Meer, es zürnt die
Felsenküste,
Es zürnen alle Sterne mit der
Sonne,
Es zürnt mit mir, der sonst mich
freundlich
Die bösen Zungen haben's
angesponnen.
Könn't' ich mit Feuers Glut sie all'
verheeren,
Wie Flammen dürres Haidekraut
verzehren!

À une Fontaine

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent.

Quand l'Eté ménager moissonne
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
Et l'aire par compas resonance
Gémissant sous le blé battu.

Ainsi toujours puisses tu être
En religion à tous ceux
Qui te boiront ou fairont paître
Tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs

Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit, au fond d'un val,
Les nymphes, près de ton
repaire,
A mille bonds, mener le bal.

The Sea Rages

The sea rages, the rocky coast
rages,
all the stars rage and the sun as
well,
he rages against me who used to
greet me so kindly;
evil tongues have brought it
about.
Could I with fire's heat destroy
them all
like flames consume dry heather!

To a fountain

But listen, lively little fountain,
Who dost my thirst so oft
appease,
Reclining here beneath the
mountain,
Idle in the refreshing breeze.

When frugal summer is
reclaiming
The fruit of Ceres' bared breast,
With ev'ry threshing floor
exclaiming
Beneath the weight of her
bequest.

O thus may thou remain forever,
A sacred place for all those,
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,
Share thy discourse, thy repose.

And may the moon at midnight,
glancing
Upon the valley always see
The nymphs that rally here for
dancing
To leap and bound in revelry.

À Cupidon

Le jour pousse la nuit

Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D'une obscure ombre.

L'automne suit l'été,
Et l'âpre rage
Des vents n'a point été
Après l'orage.

Mais la fièvre d'amours
Qui me tourmente,
Demeure en moi toujours,
Et ne s'alente.

Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu,
Q'uil fallait poindre,
Ta flèche en d'autre lieu
Se devait joindre.

Poursuis les paresseux
Et les amuse,
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu'aime la Muse.

Tais-toi, babillarde

Ah! Tais-toi, babillarde arondelle,
Ou bien je plumerai ton aile
Si je t'emponge, ou d'couteau
Je te couperai la languette,
Qui matin sans repos caquette,
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Je te preste ma cheminée
Pour chanter toute la journée,
De soir, de nuit, quand tu
voudras,
Mais au matin ne me reveille
E ne m'oste quand je sommeille
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

To Cupid

The day pursues the night,
And evening's shades
In turn put day to flight
As sunlight fades.

So summer yields to fall,
No sound of thunder,
No rain, nor windy squall
Bursts calm asunder.

But the fever of love
Torments me still,
A thing I can't remove,
Do what I will.

It was not at me, Boy,
You should have aimed
Some other might enjoy
Being thus maimed.

Pursue some idle beaux
Whom it amuses,
But neither me nor those
Loved of the muses.

Be quiet, babbling swallow

Ah! Be quiet you noisy little
thing,
Or I shall pluck your pretty wing
First change I get, or with one
stroke
I'll close for good that busy bill
That prattles from the window sill
And makes my morning sleep a
joke.

There in my chimney make your
nest,
And sing all day without a rest,
All evening too, I shall not chide,
But in the morning please be fair
And let there be no music there
To steal Cassandra from my
side.

Dieu vous gard'

Dieu vous gard', messagers
fidèles
Du Printemps, gentes hirondelles,

Huppés, coucous, rossignols,
Tourterelles, et vous oiseaux
sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard', belles
pâquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous boutons jadis connus
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse,
Et vous thym, anis et mélisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard', troupe diaprée
Des papillons, qui par la prée
Les douces herbes suçotez;
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,

Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles

De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue
Votre belle et douce venue.
Ô que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermaient en la maison!

God be with you

God be with you, faithful
messengers
Of Spring, gentle swallows,
Hoopoes, cuckoos, little
nightingales,
Turtledoves and wild birds
Who make the greenwood lively
with a hundred sorts of songs.

God be with you, lovely daisies,
Beautiful roses, pretty little
flowers,
And you buds, once known as the
blood
Of Ajax and Narcissus.
And you thyme, anise, wild
cherry.
Welcome back.

God be with you, multi-coloured
troop of butterflies Sucking the
sweet grasses of the field,
And you, new swarm of bees
Kissing the yellow and red
flowers.

A hundred thousand times
I salute your sweet return.
Oh, how I love this season
And the sweet cackling on the
banks
after the winds and storms
That have kept me shut in the
house!

Songs & Sonnets to Ophelia

1. Ophelia's Song

(Text by Jake Heggie)

The hills are green, my dear one,
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.
I have a dear one and he is mine.
Thicker than water. Water so cold.

In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

2. Women have loved before

(Text by Edna St.Vincent Millay)

Women have loved before as I love now;
At least, in lively chronicles of the past—
Of Irish waters by a Cornish prow
Or Trojan waters by a Spartan mast
Much to their cost invaded—here and there,
Hunting the amorous line, skimming the rest,
I find some woman bearing as I bear
Love like a burning city in the breast.
I think however that of all alive
I only in such utter, ancient way
Do suffer love; in me alone survive
The unregenerate passions of a day
When treacherous queens, with death upon the tread,
Heedless and willful, took their knights to bed.

3. Not in a Silver Casket

Not in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;
Not in a lovers'-knot, not in a ring
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain—
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
"Look what I have!—And these are all for you."

4. Spring

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.